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THE COACH'S CHOICE

By Claire Boyle Bracken

PAUL WINSTEAD seems to be in line for the Dorman Cup this year."

The boys in the locker room of Mason Gymnasium made no reply to the visitor's assertion.

"I say," Lynn Stanfield repeated, looking around the silent group in astonishment, "isn't Paul Winstead going to win the Dorman Cup?"

"I don't know," Jack Granger answered slowly, "he's the coach's choice."

"I'd think he'd be everybody's choice," Lynn continued eagerly. "He played an almost perfect game today."

On the other side of a thin partition a boy hurriedly finished his dressing and went out by a side door, with cheeks aflame at the knowledge of his inadvertent eavesdropping.

If Paul Winstead had waited to hear Ted Mercer reply sneeringly, "Oh, yes, he made all the goals he tried for," he might have understood a little better the unfriendly attitude of the other members of the basket-ball team. As it was, he scurried off to his room, baffled and disappointed.

It had been a chance suggestion of this same visiting boy, Lynn Stanfield, a senior and athletic hero of the year before, that had sent Paul Winstead on to the court for practice.

"It looks to me, Paul," Lynn had remarked, "as if those long arms of yours ought to twirl a basket-ball pretty niftily. Ever do any playing?"

Paul had flushed and smiled through his big-rimmed glasses as he pushed back the pile of history books he had been studying. "Why, yes," he confessed, "I played a little on our high-school team, but I didn't suppose I'd be good enough for C of E."

"Good enough, fellow," Lynn had exclaimed, "you're just built for the game!"

And so a well-thumbed basket-ball guide found a place on the shelf among Paul's beloved books, and a sober, long-legged "book worm" won a place on the basket-ball squad.

But neither Lynn Stanfield nor Coach Henry guessed how much the comradeship of the game meant to the quiet, studious boy. To be hailed as one of their own number by the members of the "E" Club, to be greeted by the other players with a friendly slap on the shoulder, was worth all the long hours of practicing that had given Paul his skill at spinning the ball into the basket. The strange feeling of unfriendliness that had grown up this year hurt and puzzled him.

"The coach's choice," Paul thought as he sat beside his window that overlooked the wide, elm-shaded campus. "I guess I've done too much individual playing and not enough team work. It would be fun to take home the Dorman Cup. Father and Mother would be as pleased as they were when I won the class scholarship, and Tom and Ned would just go wild—" He could see his small brothers gazing in wide-eyed wonder at the big, shining trophy. "But winning the cup wouldn't be worth losing all my friends. I don't want to be a star—just a cog in the wheel of the big machine."

In the days that followed, Paul avoided the corner window of the Dorman store, where the big silver loving cup was on display—"To be awarded to the best basket-ball player on the College of Eudora's team!"

The owner of the store, Andrew Dorman, himself a graduate of C of E, offered the trophy each year to encour-

age interest in the sport in which he felt every boy had a chance to take part. The winner was to be selected by vote of the coach, the athletic council, and the student body. Representing that fine, clean sportsmanship and athletic skill for which the school was famous, the Dorman Cup had come to be one of the most cherished awards of the year at the College of Eudora.

Day after day Paul Winstead went faithfully to the gym, trying to realize his ambition to become a smoothly running cog in the wheel of the basket-ball machine. No boy ever tried harder not to be a "grandstander" and to put himself heart and soul into the work of the team. Yet it seemed that in every play Paul Winstead was always nearest the basket and most of C of E's scores were piled up by his skillful fingers. The slight coolness of the first weeks of the season grew into actual ostracism.

After the game with Fairmont, Paul started to speak to Coach Henry, to ask him to give the other fellows a better chance for scoring, but when that beaming individual greeted him with, "Boy, you're a wonder. I'm depending on you to give Olathe and Continental the worst beating they've ever had," what was there for Paul to say? Coach Henry was depending on him!

Lynn Stanfield came down for the game with Olathe. He hunted Paul up that evening and gave his hand a mighty squeeze. "Who says I can't pick a winner?" he exclaimed. "Paul, you're the best forward old C of E has ever seen!"

He was gone with a crowd of laughing fellows before Paul had time to frame the question that was on his lips, "Then, why, why, why, Lynn Stanfield, has the team all turned against me?"

Paul wanted to follow Lynn and talk things over with him but he decided it wouldn't be any use. What could that popular boy, who drew friends around him like a magnet, understand of his trouble?

The practice hours came to be periods of torture for Paul and the lonely boy longed to shut himself up in his room with his ever-friendly books, away from the cold glances of the boys whose comradeship had once brought him so much happiness. In some inconceivable way he had lost that comradeship, but there was nothing for him to do but carry on to the end of the season. The coach and the school, good old C of E, whose sons were always loyal, were depending on him.

To win the season's last game with their nearest neighbor and long-time rival, Continental College, was the great ambition of every player on the team, and of every student at the College of Eudora. A fine record of earlier victories for each team promised a struggle worth coming many snowy miles to see.

"Put in as much time as you can on the long shots now, Paul," Coach Henry counselled a few days before the game.

"But you know I can't—" Paul began.

The coach was not to be interrupted. "Remember that C of E is depending on you," he concluded, and turned to his work with the other players.

A bit mystified, Paul followed his mentor's instructions. Coach Henry seemed to have forgotten something.

On the evening of the game with Continental, the big Mason Gymnasium was filled to overflowing. In the visitors' section an enthusiastic crowd loudly proclaimed their confidence in a victory for old gold and white, while the crimson pennants of Eudora floated proudly over a wildly cheering throng.

Then came the hushed silence of expectancy that marks the beginning of a game. Never, thought the host of spectators, had two teams been more evenly matched. Back and forth, back and forth, across the court the players struggled, with few goals on either side. It seemed to be the one desire of Continental, without actually violating the rules, to keep Paul Winstead from scoring with his quick, short, accurate throws.

At the end of the first half the score board showed eight points for Eudora and nine for Continental.

During the intermission, Coach Henry outlined the next period's play in a few sharp commands.

"Take long shots, Paul, and put the ball into the circle! And you, Harry Manville, stick closer to your man! Get up on your toes, Ted—"

"But, Coach Henry—" Paul Winstead put out a protesting hand.

The coach brushed him aside as the

The King Comes By

By MARIAN HURD McNEELY

Simon of Canaan had come to see
The king pass over to Galilee;
For he heard the tales on the city's
wall

Of the Prince of Peace and the Lord of
All;

And he said, as he gazed with an eager
eye:

"I shall know, at once, when the King
comes by.

Blare of the trumpet and beat of the
drum

Will herald the news that the King is
come.

His soldiers, gay in their glittering gear,
Will show that His Majesty is near.

With a proud sword drawn and lifted
high,

I shall bare my head as the King comes
by."

Not a bugle's call, or a drum's loud beat
As the lame and the halt passed through
the street.

The sick and the sinful; the sad and
the base;

And a Man with a tender, radiant face.
And Simon of Canaan gave a cry

And bowed his head as the King went
by.

referee's whistle called the players back
on to the court.

Closer than ever, Continental's best guard hovered over Paul Winstead, pressing him farther and farther from the coveted basket. Over and over, the signals sent the ball whirling into Paul's hands. And always he sought for a red-and-white player to whom he could toss it. He was too far away to risk a try at the basket. He would only fail and then the fellows would think less of him than ever. He would be a reckless "grandstander," whose wild throws had lost the game.

Gradually the Continental team was gaining. With the score at fifteen to eleven, and ten minutes to play, the C of E center knocked the ball into Paul's unwilling hands. Vainly he looked for an unprotected crimson player to receive it. Something snapped to decision in his brain. Of course he could not make it, and the fellows would hold him in derision, but at least he could try—he would do his best for C of E! The ball rose in a great shining arc, against the blurred faces thirty feet away at the end of the floor, and dropped smoothly into the basket.

New life surged into Eudora's players in a sudden joyous tide. The basketball machine began to work at last, fast and furiously, with Paul a well-used cog. Again and again, from the center of the court, the ball sped from his practiced fingers, sometimes falling short, but more often gliding down into the circle, giving

his team a lead that Continental could not break. Eudora won the game by a score of twenty to sixteen.

As the crowd passed out of the gymnasium, Paul Winstead's success was cheered to the echo. But the tired boy who hurried off to the locker room did not hear. He was conscious only of a hard task ended—he was free at last from this place of bitter memories.

Paul was not prepared for the eager circle of boys that gathered around him, with outstretched hands and ringing words of congratulation.

"You did it, Paul!"

"We owe the game to you!"

"Boy, we're proud to have you on the team!"

It was Ted Mercer who offered the first word of explanation. "We thought you were a soft-snapper, Paul—afraid to try anything hard!"

Coach Henry's smiling face appeared in the doorway. "How about it, Paul?" he asked, genially. "Who said your eyes weren't good enough for the game?"

"I thought you had forgotten my handicap," Paul answered.

"You see, boys," Coach Henry explained, laying his arm across Paul's shoulders, "this fellow is so near-sighted he thought he couldn't play basket-ball. At first he tried wearing his glasses but that didn't work very well. He was so accurate on the short throws we had to have him on the team. I thought it best not to tell the rest of you about his handicap. I didn't want to shake your confidence in anyone."

"But you had me practice—" Paul began.

"I know," Coach Henry went on. "I was sure that Continental's whole game would be to keep Paul from scoring. So I just thought we'd fool them a trifle. You've been such a first-class player all along, Paul. I knew you'd send the ball home even if you couldn't see the basket very well."

"The practicing did it," Paul answered. "I learned to gauge the distance from the center of the court."

At the door, Paul found Lynn Stanfield waiting. "I'm coming back to the Pep Chapel next Tuesday," Lynn informed him, "to see you receive the Dorman Cup."

"The Dorman Cup!" Paul laughed happily. "Why, Lynn, I'd forgotten all about that cup. What makes you think I'll get it?"

"Of course you'll be the winner," Lynn assured him. "You're everybody's choice."

A young Polish girl in a New York school, asked with her class to write an essay on the difference between an educated and an intelligent man, summed up the matter: "An educated man gets his thinks from someone else, but an intelligent man works his own thinks."

—Harry Emerson Fosdick.

The Winner's Name

By Kate S. Gates

EBENEZER COLLINS DARLING, —that was his name, and how he did hate it, the first part of it, that is. But there had been an Ebenezer in the family since time immemorial, and Grandfather was going to be so disappointed that Father and Mother, rather against their own wishes, bestowed it upon their first son.

As I said, he hated it. "I wouldn't mind so much if folks would call me Eb, or even Eben," he said. "But the boys are forever yelling out 'Eben-e-e-zer,' and lots of times they make it 'Darling Eben-e-e-zer.' I could choke them with a good will when they do that. You can just bet your life if I ever have any boys there won't a blessed one of them be named Ebenezer, not if I have a dozen."

When he went to the city to the Junior High, he felt that it was the chance of his life and he registered as E. Collins Darling, but he did not tell Grandfather. When he told Father and Mother what he had done, they did not say anything, but the expression on his father's face made E. Collins feel anything but comfortable. "If he had given me a regular blowing up I wouldn't have minded half so much," he told his mother afterwards. To his disgust, she expressed no sympathy for him whatever.

There was nothing that Grandfather enjoyed more than a good debate. In his younger days he had excelled in it, and young Eben, to his grandfather's delight, also excelled in it. Soon after he went to the city school he was elected a member of the Forum there, and whenever there was a debate on he discussed it before and after with Grandfather.

Some time in his second year there was an Oratorical Contest in the city. One member of each of the four Junior High Schools competed with the others for championship. Eben was chosen to represent his school, and he set his heart on winning the championship. Much as he cared about it, however, Grandfather was even more keen. Night after night they went over the subject for debate, and many were the valuable suggestions that Grandfather made.

"Gee!" said Eben Jr., one night, "I am thankful you are not one of my opponents. There would not be much show for me if you were."

"Don't know about that," chuckled the old gentleman, "you are something of a crackerjack—as you say—yourself."

The eventful day came at last. "I shall be thinking of you all day long, boy, and of course, I hope you'll win, but I know you will do well, and we shall be proud of you anyway. Don't seem as though I could wait till night to know, though."

The contest was in the morning, and

Old Mr. Merryman



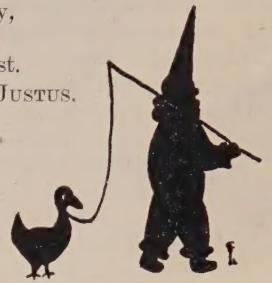
Old Mr. Merryman lives down the lane,
Walks all around with a gold-headed cane,
Gives to the children the friendliest smile,
Lets them sit down on his step for a while.

Old Mr. Merryman showed me one day
All the fine clothes that he has put away:
Scarlet-and-yellow with buttons of gold—
He was a gay man before he grew old!

Old Mr. Merryman, grown people say,
Worked in a circus before he was gray.
One day I asked him, and guess what he said?
"Look at me, boy!" and stood on his head.

Old Mr. Merryman, cheerful and spry,
Waves to the grown people as they go by,
Fathers and mothers and all of the rest,
But 'tis the children he says he loves best.

MAY JUSTUS.



at noon Eben was informed that he had won with high honor. In the afternoon there was a class meeting and a banquet, so it was nearly seven o'clock before he reached home.

"Three cheers, Grandfather!" he shouted, as he rushed into the house. "We won, and the judges all said my argument was great."

"That is good," said the old gentleman, "I congratulate you," but there was no enthusiasm in his face or voice. Young Eben looked at him in hurt surprise.

"What is the matter?" he asked. Surely Grandfather must be sick or something terrible had happened.

"Nothing—nothing much. I saw the announcement in the paper just now, but it said in big letters that E. Collins Darling had won. I did not know what to make of it, but your mother says that is what they call you up there. It is all right, of course, but somehow I felt sort of disappointed not to see the old name." In spite of himself the old gentleman's voice quivered.

"I never felt so mean and contemptible in my life before, and I never want to again," Eben said afterwards. "Gee! but I was ashamed from the crown of my head to the soles of my unworthy feet. It was simply a rotten feeling. I made up my mind that the thing was going to be righted if it took my last cent. I went straight back to the city, to the newspaper office, and told the editor just how it was. I asked him if he would correct it in the next day's

paper and told him I would pay for it if he would. He was a trump and said he would. I wish you could have seen Grandfather's face when I got home the next night.

"What do you think," he cried, before I was hardly in the house, "this evening's paper say there was a mistake in the announcement of the winner's name,—that it should have been Ebenezer C. Darling. Probably it seems foolish to you, boy, but I love the old name, and it made me very happy to see it."

"Henceforth and forever, boys, my name is Ebenezer, not E. Collins," said Eben the next day at school. "Darling Ebenezer?" asked one, with a laugh.

"Yes, Ebenezer Darling, or Darling Eben-e-e-zer, just as you please, so long as it is Ebenezer. That's that, and don't you forget it!"

The Book Binding

By HILDA RICHMOND

The Christmas book in a dull binding was laid aside until one rainy day when the young girl who had received it could find nothing else to occupy her time. In desperation she read a few pages and then settled herself for an afternoon of keen enjoyment. Inside the dull binding was a story as sweet and thrilling and delightful as she had ever read. By turns she wiped away tears and by turns she laughed, but when the last page was reached she was genuinely sorry.

THE BEACON CLUB

The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Puzzlers

BROOKFIELD, MASS.

Dear Editor: I have been reading the stories and letters in *The Beacon* for some time and would like to become a member of the Club. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school of Brookfield. Mr. MacDonald is our minister and Mrs. MacDonald is my class teacher. I am thirteen years old and am in the seventh grade of the Junior High School. I would like to correspond with some member of the Club who is near my age.

Yours truly,
BEVERLY HECKMAN.

538 WEST CHESTNUT ST.,
LANCASTER, PA.

Dear Editor: Please make me a member of the Beacon Club. I am six years old. My teacher is Mrs. Allegra Nixdorf.

Your friend,
MARY ALICE MILLER.

[We wish all our readers could see how nicely this letter was printed by Mary Alice.—Ed.]

35 DUTCHER ST.,
HOPEDALE, MASS.

Dear Editor: I like *The Beacon* very much, and I would like to join the Club. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School. Miss Martha Woodbury is my class teacher. Rev. J. B. Teagarden is our minister. I am almost ten years old and am in the fourth grade.

Yours truly,
GEORGE E. NICHOLS, JR.

379 COUNTY ST.,
NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

Dear Editor: I am nine years old and I am in the fifth grade at school.

I go to the Unitarian church in New Bedford. Our minister's name is Rev. Stanton Hodgins. My teacher's name is Miss Coggeshall. I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I would like some one of my age to write to me and tell me about the school she goes to, and other things.

Sincerely,
BARBARA GRINNELL.

Animal Names

Each definition is one phonetic syllable in the name of an animal.

1. Part of the body; to increase; sick; exclamation.
2. Kind of meat; personal pronoun; kind of wood.
3. Perfume; rodent.
4. A kind of fence; a glutton.
5. A toy; part of a fish.
6. Part of the body; Italian river; a utensil; an article; confusion.
7. A form of water; high-priced.
8. A color; an article; an exclamation.
9. To look; a consonant.
10. Part of a ship; a preposition.

ALICE A. KEEN.

Word Mix

Mix *par* and *set*,
Just small wax candles;
Mix *chip* and *rest*,
They should have handles;
Mix *lit* and *sen*,
I give attention;
Mix *art* and *seven*,
Deserve a pension.

L. D. R.

Answers to Puzzlers in No. 19

Word Triangle.—L

NO
PAN
GANG
CALIF
SQUARE
LATERAL
DOGGEREL
ASTUDILLO
LONGFELLOW

Charade.—Three.

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A few days later she was introduced in the home of a friend to a new girl in town, and at once she decided that she never could make friends with a being so dull and unattractive. There was nothing pretty about the girl and even her clothes, which might have helped out a little if carefully chosen, only seemed to emphasize her timidity and lack of attractiveness.

"But there's that book binding," said the girl to herself as she was paired with the newcomer for a game that required real thinking. "I've said that I'll never judge by exterior things again, so I'll give her a fair trial." And presently the newcomer was flushing and smiling and almost pretty in the warmth of the attention she received and the fact that her knowledge had helped win the prize.

So now "There's that book binding" is the slogan of the girl who shunned the Christmas volume so long. And that slogan has helped her in many a situation where a more shallow girl would have said the case was utterly hopeless, because it was judged solely by the outward signs.

Orchardists say that no matter how de-

licious a dull-looking apple or peach may be the bright ones are always chosen, often to the disappointment of the purchaser. The lovely shining skin may hide an interior like punk, but still people go on buying them. A brave scarlet coat has sold many a poor apple while the russet or dull green or brownish good apples lie unwanted.

There is in a certain peach region a variety of fruit that is an ugly, dirty-looking green, but underneath, rich yellow meat is to be found. People buy them, taste them gingerly and then with faces lighted up, say, "Why didn't you tell us how good they are?" when in fact the seller may have been singing their praises unheeded.

"For the sweets of life
Which you wish to find,
You must always look
Beneath the rind"

is a common saying and a true one. Often the most unpromising exterior hides real richness, and sensible young folks, as well as older ones, are on the lookout for real worth if it is hidden under a common-looking covering.